Amerika Esperantisto

APRIL, 1918

LOUIS LAZARE ZAMENHOF—IDEALIST



Official Organ of
The Esperanto Association of North America

AMERIKA ESPERANTISTO

Official Organ

of

THE ESPERANTO ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA, Inc.

a propaganda organization for the furtherance of the study and use of the International Auxiliary Language, Esperanto.

CLUB DIRECTORY

This department is conducted solely for the benefit of our organized groups throughout the country. It furnishes a means of keeping in close touch with the work in other cities, for the exchange of ideas and helpful suggestions, and for the formation of valuable friendships in a united field of endeavor.

Groups are listed for 12 issues of the magazine, at a cost of only 25 cents for the two-line insertion. Extra lines are 10 cents each additional. The heading,—name of city or town—is inserted free. This matter warrants the immediate attention of every club secretary.

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The New York Barĉo, or Esperanto supper, is held on The Third Friday of every month (7 P. M.), at the new headquarters of the Civic Club, 14 West 12th St. (two doors west of 5th Ave., south side); conveniently located to "L" and subway lines.

La dimanĉa kunveno, al kiu ĉiuj estas bonvenaj, okazas je la tria horo, posttagmeze, ĉiun dimanĉon, ĉe la loĝejo de S-ro Josefo Silbernik, 229 East 18th St., Manhattan. Germana Esperanto-Societo — activities suspended during the war.

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DR. LOUIS LAZARE ZAMENHOF

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ZAMENHOF THE IDEALIST

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By Joseph Silbernik

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It is with the greatest alacrity that I have undertaken the pleasurable task of writing for **Amerika Esperantisto** about the personality of the founder of Esperanto. And, as thanks to the arduous efforts of many earnest men and women active in the great Scout movement, there has lately been organized quite a number of groups and classes for the benefit of the young folks, this article has been primarily addressed to that most promising element of our community. For while not many lives of the great figures in history are so fraught with encouragement and inspiration to the minds of young folks as the life of Dr. Zamenhof, it should, and I am sure it will, appeal with special force to the flower of boyhood and girlhood of all countries.

For, as my young friends will soon see, it was not Louis Lazare Zamenhof, M.D., but Master "Lou" Zamenhof, the schoolboy, who, stirred by a noble resolution to do something for mankind, put by all the diversions of boyhood, and dedicated himself to the arduous task of giving to the world the great boon of an auxiliary international language.

Let, therefore, my young friends make a note of it that this "labor of love," which won for him the fame of benefactor of mankind, was begun by him while still a pupil of the gymnasium in Warsaw, Poland, and continued during the years of his university course.

It is fortunate that I am able to give to my young friends Dr. Zamenhof's own account as to how he came to undertake this self-imposed task, which is embodied in a letter written by

him in response to one he received from an admiring Russian Esperantist who wished to know how Dr. Zamenhof came to undertake the creation of an international language.

The original was written in Esperanto, but the following, taken from "The Passing of Babel," by Bernard Long, of London, is an excellent translation:

"I was born in Bielostok, in the province of Grodno, Russia. This scene of my birth and childhood determined the trend of my future aspirations. In Bielostok the population contains four different elements—Russians, Poles, Germans and Jews. Each of these nations speaks a different language, and is on bad terms with the others. . . . I was educated to be an idealist; I was taught that all men were brothers, while, all the time, everything around me made me feel that **men** did not exist; there only existed Russians, Poles, Germans, Jews, and so on. This state of affairs was a continual torment to my young mind—though many perhaps will smile at such grief for the world in a child. And as it then seemed to me that grown-up people were all powerful, I used to say to myself that when I grew up I would certainly abolish that evil.

"Little by little I became convinced, of course, that things are not all done as easily as seems the case to a child; one after the other I gave up various Utopian ideas of childhood, and kept only the dream of one language for all mankind. At a fairly early date I began to feel that this could only be some neutral language, belonging to none of the existing nations. When I left my school at Bielostok and entered the classical academy at Warsaw, I was attracted for a time to the ancient languages, and dreamt of a day when I should travel through the world, and with burning words persuade mankind to revive one of those languages for common use. Later on, I forget in what way, I came to the firm conviction that this also was impossible, and I began to dream vaguely of a new artificial language.

"I then made various attempts, inventing rich artificial declensions, conjugations, etc. But a human language, with, as it seemed to me, its endless series of grammatical forms and its hundreds of thousands of words, which made the big dictionaries so terrible, appeared to me such an artificial and colossal machine that I more than once said to myself: 'Away with dreams! This work is beyond the power of man.' But all the same I kept coming back to my dreams.

" I learnt French and German as a child, and could not then make comparisons or draw conclusions; but when, in the fifth class of the academy, I began to study English, I was struck by the simplicity of the English grammar, the more so, owing to the sudden change from those of Latin and Greek. I then came to see that richness of grammatical forms is only a chance historical occurrence, and is not necessary for a language.

"One day I happened to notice the inscription on a sign over a confectioners—**Konditor'-skaja,** meaning in Russian a confectioner's, or sweetshop. This ending, **skaja,** interested me, and showed me that suffixes make it possible to form, from one original word, several other words which need not be separately learnt by heart. This idea took possession of me, and I suddenly felt the ground under my feet. A ray of light had fallen on the big dictionaries, and they began to diminish rapidly before my eyes."

This will no doubt remind my young friends of two other incidents, which, though happening for thousands of years before without attracting the least attention, became historical, and led to two of the greatest scientific discoveries, because they happened to fall under the observation of men, whose minds, ever in quest after knowledge, were able to penetrate behind the surface of things, and bring forth most momentous results. I refer to the lamp which was accidentally set aswinging in the cathedral of Pisa, which trifling accident led Galileo to the discovery of the isochronism of the pendulum, i.e, that, whatever the range of its oscillations, they were invariaby executed in equal intervals of time; and that still more interesting incident about the fall of that apple, which we may justly call the history-making apple—for did it not add the most illuminating pages to our natural history,— the discovery of the law of gravitation by the immortal Sir Isaac Newton?

Coming back to our own modest claimant for honorable mention in history—the confectioner's sign—for was not the honor to symbolize light and sweetness literally thrust upon it? I think that had young Zamenhof been of a less reverent bent of mind, he might have exclaimed, at the sight of that sign: **"In hoc signo vinces!"** (By that sign wilt thou conquer!)—the motto of Emperor Constantine. At any rate, that sign was the making of Esperanto, for it put young Zamenhof upon a new and helpful clew for the solution of the problem of an international auxiliary language. That sign paved for young Zamenhof the way to that wonderful word-building system of his, which not only enables the Esperantist to form words to his heart's content, and thus humble the overbearing dictatorial dictionary, but is at the same time imparting to Esperanto an exactitude of expression unequalled by any other language.

Feeling himself on firm ground, young Zamenhof now began to work harder than ever, being buoyed up by the consciousness of being engaged in a work that would usher in the reign of harmony and unison among all peoples inhabiting God's footstool. For so strong was his faith in human nature if left to follow its own inclinations that he was thoroughly convinced that by removing the great barrier which divides the peoples into warring camps, namely, the multiplicity of tongues, and by enabling them

to understand one another, the various peoples would become drawn together into one great brotherhood, and their conscience would become so imbued with the idea of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, that if any ambitious king or domineering clique were to try to incite their people to unsheathe their swords against another people, such appeal would fall upon deaf ears. For, once freed from the old superstition that a people living beyond a certain river or a certain mountain should be looked upon as an enemy, the people thus appealed to would remain unmoved, and would disconcert the would-be trouble makers by indignantly echoing the portentous admonition uttered twenty-three centuries ago by the Prophet Malachi: "Have we not all one Father; hath not one God created us?"

And to this hope—I feel tempted to say prophecy, for it is aglow with the faith and fervor of the prophets of old—young Zamenhof gave expression in his first poetical production, **La Espero** (The Hope), which has since become, one might say, the Star-Spangled Banner of Esperantoland, and is being sung with a religious zest at Esperanto gatherings.

But right here I deem it proper to state, in words that shall allow of no misinterpretation, the kind of peace that occupies such a prominent place in the Esperanto literature, and which, in fact, was the mainspring of its very creation. I deem it absolutely necessary to do this because the great harm done by the enemy to the cause of the Allies here and abroad, through the insidious dissemination of a spurious peace, has brought that noble word into disrepute. More noxious than the enemy's poisonous gases on the battlefield has been the poison contained in his peace-coated capsules. Has not his poison, falsely labeled peace, driven away from the battlefield a powerful and valiant ally, Russia, causing the utter disintegration of that noble but simple-minded people?

Therefore, I wish to assure my young friends that the peace for which we Esperantists have been working for the last three decades, that is to say, since the birth of Esperanto, is not at all the kind of peace contained in the laconic telegram of Muraviev to the Czar: **"All is quiet in Warsaw;"** not the peace of the mollycoddle or the poltroon, who, on seeing a frail little woman maltreated by a husky bully, not only would not himself rush to the rescue of the helpless victim, but would denounce others for taking up the victim's part, because, forsooth, by so doing, they were adding to the breach of his sweet "peace."

No; not the peace that the strong can impose upon the weak is the peace that we Esperantists are striving for. As the doctrine that might makes right is utterly repugnant to us, and believing, on the contrary, that justice must be the **sine qua non** (an indispensable condition) of peace, and that it is cowardly to submit to injustice, we Esperantists hold that when tyranny and injustice sally forth to extend their dominion, brave men, instead of

crying peace, peace, when there is no peace, should rather unsheathe their swords to help to establish a peace based upon justice and equity, or as our noble president, in his great oration at the tomb of Washington, put it so beautifully, "a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of mutual respect for right"—the only peace worthy of that name.

But we Esperantists go further than that. By the aid of our international language we are opening the eyes of the peoples of the world to the fact that war, that time-honored institution of fratricide, which man has come to accept as one of those unwelcome visitations of nature—like storms and earthquakes—which he must bear with resignation because of his impotence to prevail against them—that war, being really man-made, by man it can, must and shall be undone.

We explain to the people, and the people hear us gladly, that owing to the barriers created by the diversity of tongues, there would naturally arise now and then some misunderstandings among neighboring peoples; that these misunderstandings would be seized upon by ambitious princes and their unscrupulous underlings to make their subjects believe that all other peoples were barbarians and their sworn enemies; that to protect their homes and families against the encroachments of those barbarians, their princes would tell them, it was the sacred duty of their "beloved" subjects to take up arms against their wicked enemies; that as every prince would spread the same slanders among his own "beloved" people, the sport of kings would go merrily on.

Then gradually the truth will dawn upon the minds of all the various peoples who have been taught for centuries to look upon all the other peoples as their sworn enemies, that they are all really members of the same human family; that the interests of all are really identical; that the same sun shines upon them all; that the earth, with its rivers, lakes and seas, just like air and sunshine, is nature's free gift to all mankind—"the earth hath He given to all men;" that, instead of fighting one another, it is for their mutual interest to cooperate one with another; and that, as soon as the scales fall from their eyes, and they see clearly that brother is fighting brother only to make game for kings, the time-honored sport of kings will become impossible, and the prophecy of Isaiah will be fulfilled: "when nations shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up swords against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

This is the peace that Esperantists stand for—peace that would unite all the peoples into one great human family—a peace based upon a just and equitable understanding between all the nations of the world, for the mutual welfare of all alike, as the

noble Doctor has so well expressed in the last two lines of the fifth stanza of "La Espero":

La popoloj faros en konsento
Unu grandan rondon familian.

(The peoples shall form in agreement
One great family circle.)

"In 1878, at the age of nineteen (I am citing again from the "Passing of Babel"), Zamenhof succeeded in interesting some of his friends in the new language, and a gathering was held, at which they celebrated its birth, and put it to the test both in speech and song. But Zamenhof felt that he was too young to bring his work before the public, and decided to wait a few years until he had further tested and improved his language, while as for his friends, he tells us that they tried to talk about the new language, but that, meeting with derision from older persons, they hastened to disavow it, and I was left alone! And Zamenhof himself, foreseeing nothing but mockery and insult, continued his work in secret. He gives us a graphic account of the further evolution and final publication of Esperanto, in which he says:

"'During the five and a half years of my university course I never spoke to anyone on the subject. It was a very hard time for me; compelled to hide my thoughts and plans, I went hardly anywhere, took part in nothing, and my years at college were spent very unhappily. I tried sometimes to seek distraction in social intercourse, but felt myself a sort of stranger, and came away again, lightening my heart from time to time with verses composed in my language.'

"For six years Zamenhof worked at his creation, testing it in various ways, altering or rejecting certain parts of it, and introducing fresh features. For a time he felt that something was still wanting, and his words on this point are interesting in view of the remarkable qualities which Esperanto is found to possess by those who use it.

"'Practical experience convinced me that the language still lacked an intangible **something**, a unifying element, which would give it life and a definite spirit. I began to avoid literal translations from this or that language, and tried to think straight away in the neutral tongue. I then noticed that the language ceased to be a mere shadow of some other language, and acquired a spirit of its own, a life of its own, with definite clearly cut expressed features independent of any external influence. The words now came fluently, flexibly, gracefully and freely, as they do in one's living mother-tongue.'

"When Zamenhof had left the university and began his medical practice he thought it was time to publish his language to the world. He could not afford, however, to publish it at his own

expense, and for two years he vainly sought for a publisher. And when at last one was, apparently, found, he kept Zamenhof waiting for six months, and then refused to go on with his work. Finally, in 1887, the young doctor found that he could manage to pay the cost of the publication himself, and, under the pseudonym of **Dr. Esperanto** [**Esperanto,** subsequently adopted as the name of the language, means "one who hopes"—hence, Dr. Esperanto means "Dr. Hopeful], brought out his first booklet. He tells us of this momentous step in the following words:

"'I felt that I stood on the banks of the Rubicon, and that from the day that my booklet appeared I should no longer have the possibility of retreating; I knew the fate that awaits a medical man who depends on the public, if that public looks upon him as a **crank,** as a man who occupies himself with outside matters; I felt I was staking the future peace of mind of myself and my family; but I could not give up the idea, which had entered into the fibres of my being, and . . . I crossed the Rubicon.'"

The following, which is a part of a eulogy delivered in Prague, in 1909, by a prominent Bohemian Esperantist (also culled from the "Passing of Babel"), is by no means overdone:

. . . .

"Dr. Zamenhof is a man whose name will be famous in future ages, whose name will be blessed by men of all nations in centuries to come. But—what do we see? With incredible yet genuine modesty he refuses the honorable position which is his by right, insisting that he is merely an ordinary Esperantist; he only accepts honors which he feels he must accept for the good of the movement. 'How I should like,' he said at Barcelona, at the fifth international Esperanto Congress, in 1909, 'to refuse this position, which is too onerous for me, and to stand not **before** you, but **among you.**' One is compelled not only to esteem, but to love such a man."

Now, as to the position referred to by that gentleman, I ought to say that it was the custom at all the annual international congresses of the Esperantists, ten of which were held consecutively up to the outbreak of the war, every year in a different country, to have Dr. Zamenhof occupy the centre of the stage, and to be the recipient of almost regal honors at the hands of his devoted admirers. This was particularly the case at the opening sessions, when speeches of welcome would be delivered by the official delegates of the various countries. Such occasions were also honored by the presence of what might be termed special envoys of those governments who accepted the invitation from the home government, that is to say, from the government of the country at which the particular congress was held, and at one time the number of such commissioned delegates was as high as fourteen, if I am not mistaken.

Taken altogether, they were quite imposing events. At the

Barcelona congress, for instance, of which King Alphonse accepted the honorary presidency, Dr. Zamenhof, whose ancestors were said to have been expelled from Spain, in 1492, was publicly invested by an aide-de-camp of the king with the order of Isabella, the Catholic. At the first congress, held in Boulogne-sur-Mer, the French Republic made the author of Esperanto a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. At the fourth congress, held at Dresden in 1908, the city was illuminated, the doctor was quartered in the king's palace, and the royal yacht put at his disposal. On one of these occasions, I do not remember which, "Carmen Sylva," the late Rumanian queen, sent him her portrait bearing her autograph. But the City of Cracow, at which the eighth congress was held in 1912, the jubilee year of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of the first Esperanto textbook, old Cracow did the most graceful thing of them all—it gave the delegates the freedom of the street cars during the entire week, and instead of asking for the fare the conductor greeted every delegate with a welcoming wave of the hand, that would have made Lord Chesterfield look like a floor-walker of a "5c." department store.

But, apart from the show features, those congresses were great affairs, indeed. It is true that, in order to fully appreciate their importance, one has to become an Esperantist and catch a glimpse of the Esperanto literature. Then one gradually begins to realize a broadening of the horizon, as though being lifted up on a summit of a high mountain, from which, in some mysterious way, he is enabled to survey the entire human race. To the onlooker they all seem to be just **men,** possessing the same "organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer." They all, too, seem to have that old-fashioned craving for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, just as we do. They seem to be all of a kind—man-kind.

Now, at these congresses, at which sometimes representatives of as many as forty nationalities, representing all races and creeds, are brought together under one roof, where all the old animosities are forgotten, and the best of fellowship prevails, where freethinker and priest, socialist and capitalist, Aryan, African, Semite and Mongolian, all mingle freely among themselves, all addressing one another as **samideano** (fellow-member of the same idea), and are lustily singing together **La Espero**—there you have an atmosphere which can be felt but not described! In one of his yearly addresses (at the third congress, in Cambridge, England), Dr. Zamenhof very aptly likened those yearly gatherings of Esperantists to the periodical assemblages of the ancient Hebrews in Jerusalem. "As they came there to quicken their faith and devotion to the idea of monotheism," he

said, "so do we gather together every year to quicken our faith and devotion to the idea of Esperantism."

My young friends will readily understand that as no true Esperantist can very well help being filled with love and admiration for the man, who, by his tireless devotion to his ideal, and by the force of his genius has done so much for the ennobling belief in the Fatherhood of Good and the Brotherhood of Man, and that every Esperantist must therefore feel a natural prompting to show, in some way, his gratitude to the founder of Esperanto at the first opportunity offered to him, so the first appearance of the author of Esperanto before his devoted followers simply beggars description.

As soon as, flanked by the reception committee, the benignant figure of the creator of Esperanto is espied upon the stage (generally an opera house), pandemonium breaks loose: gray-haired bespectacled academicians, prominent ecclesiastics in full canonicals, grave generals, bedecked with bewildering decorations, and stately grand dames, rigged out in obedience to the latest edicts from Boulevard Italian, Paris, vie with the horny-handed men of labor in showing their respect to their beloved **Majstro.** After a while every chair is mounted, the shouting is increasing in volume, tears of joy are on everybody's face, and everybody feeling supremely happy, except the musicians, who look distressed and ridiculous; for, although they are seen to work ever so hard, they succeed in producing about as much sound as do the marching bands seen on the screens. The audience is in no mood to hear them anyway, as there are just now more agreeable sounds in the air—sounds of love, gratitude and adoration. **Vivu Zamenhof! Vivu nia kara Majstro! Vivu! nia kara Esperanto!** These expressions of good-will to the author of Esperanto and to his lifework are just now more welcome to their ears because they spring from God's own organ—the heart!

Had Zamenhof rested on his laurels after giving his work to the the world, it might have been only a nine days' wonder, and, its novelty worn off, it would have been either altogether discarded, or shelved away as a literary curiosity.

But, convinced that his edifice was built upon a solid foundation, that his language was capable of giving utterance to the finest subtleties of expression, he set to work to prove this to the world by translating into Esperanto some of the best known works of English, French, German, Russian and Polish classics, as well as the noblest classic of all—the Bible.

How well he proved this is best attested by the Rev. J. Beveridge, B.D., A.E., an examiner in Hebrew in one of the English universities. The following is a part of a letter of his, published in the **Esperanto Monthly,** a London publication:

". . . It would have been a great thing if the work had been done at all; but the translation has been conspicuously well

done. For many years I was an examiner in Hebrew at one of our Universities, and I know how difficult it is to render exactly many of the Hebrew words, and I know also that many Hebrew passages and terms are still obscure to Western and Christian minds. For years I have studied a chapter of the Esperanto Bible every day, and I am daily more thankful that Esperanto came under my notice when it did. I believe that I have never yet risen from reading a chapter without getting clearness regarding some phrase or word or shade of meaning which was formerly veiled to me. I am confident that the careful reading of the Esperanto text has been more valuable to me than the perusal of many commentaries. What the reader wants to know is the exact sense of the original; and I have seen no English or other translation that makes me feel so certain that I have got at the true meaning of the inspired author, as the Esperanto does. **Zamenhof's Esperanto translation is the briefest and best commentary on the Old Testament which has ever come into my hands."**

So, as each year a great many things would happen in Esperantoland, helping still more to heighten the regard of its people for their beloved chieftain, as there would in that time appear at least one new book of his and two or three scores from the pens of others—for by that time there was already a goodly array of brilliant Esperanto writers, who within the short period of only two decades piled up a literature covering all fields of human endeavor—and as every year the number of delegates attending those international congresses would be swelled by the influx of delegates from newly formed groups, some of whom had to travel for weeks to reach their destination (for the sun certainly never sets on Esperantoland), and as each and every delegate was bent mainly upon seeing, hearing and saluting the man whom he considered the high-priest of the new Jerusalem—all this so conspired to intensify those demonstrations, demonstrations from all creeds, races and nationalities, that the sensitive nature of the modest Warsaw physician finally rebelled, and he begged the committee in charge of the congresses to do all in their power to help to moderate in some way those well meant, but too strenuous, manifestations of regard to him personally.

His first request was to change the arrangement by which he was made to sit at the middle of the long table that was placed in the centre of the stage, thus forcing him to become the observed of all the observers. But most strenuously did he object to the title by which he was invariably addressed or referred to during the proceedings of the congress—**Majstro**, a title by which, as far as I know, was addressed only to the gentle preacher on the shores of Galilee, by his devoted disciples. And what is more, this extraordinary homage was paid to him not by mere villagers and nent names of France: the venerable Academician, Gen. Sebert; M. Emile Boirac, president of the Dijon university; Rollet

de l'Isle, chief engineer of the French navy; such eminent litterateurs as Tristan Bernard, Abbel Hermant, Alexandre Hepp; Prof. Chas. Richet, the Nobelite, and last, but certainly not least, Academician Paul Painleve, Ex-Premier of the French republic.

Now, all this burning of incense was very repugnant to Dr. Zamenhof, and he insisted that he should be allowed to stand not **before them**, but **among** them.

And yet, after all, though he no doubt profoundly appreciated the motives which prompted those demonstrations of respect, how small and insignificant must they have appeared to this noble soul in comparison with that ineffable spiritual joy which filled his heart when quietly listening to the proceedings themselves, at which delegates from all the corners of the world, representing sometimes as many as forty dialects, took part, and the disputants, making use of all the oratorical weapons of debate, wit, humor, sarcasm and pathos, were doing it all in the language of his creation, and with such ease and fluency that a casual visitor would never have suspected that the debates were not carried on by the speakers in their own vernaculars. On such occasions, I verily believe the founder of Esperanto felt happier than Napoleon did at Friedland. For, where is the man who would not rather be thought of as helpful than hurtful?

Yes, the Bohemian Esperantist was right about Zamenhof's modesty. I had the pleasure and the honor of meeting the good Doctor at four congresses — in Washington, Antwerp, Cracow and Berne, and often visited him at his hotel, where we had quite lengthy and intimate talks, and I can say that never have I met a man of such an innate modesty, a modesty bordering on meekness. He seemed to have believed that whatever natural abilities he possessed he ought to be thankful for, but by no means proud of, since he believed that his talents—I would say great genius—were, after all, not of his making, nor even of his choice, but only a providential ray from the great fountainhead of Wisdom!

This is the man Zamenhof that I knew.

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LA KREDO DE AMERIKANO

Mi kredas je Usono kiel regado de la homoj, per la homoj, por la homoj; kies justaj povoj devenas de la konsento de la regatoj; demokratio en respubliko; regnestra nacio el multaj regnestraj ŝtatoj; perfekta unuiĝo unu kaj nedisigebla; fondita sur tiuj principoj de liberco, egaleco, justeco, kaj homaneco, por kiuj Amerikaj patriotoj oferis siajn vivojn kaj riĉaĵojn.

Mi tial kredas ke estas mia devo al mia lando amegi ĝin; subteni ĝian konstitucion; esti leĝobeema, respekti ĝian standardon; kaj protekti ĝin kontraŭ ĉiuj malamikoj.

PROGRAM OF THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE ESPERANTO ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA

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GREEN ACRE, ELIOT, MAINE

JULY 18-21, 1918

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Those who are going to the Congress from New York and from points south and west of this city are cordially invited to join the **Karavano,** which is scheduled as follows: Assemble at **noon,** Grand Central Terminal, **Wednesday, July seventeenth.** Leave on the 1.03 P.M. train for Boston, arriving at the South Station 7.06 P. M. Esperantists from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Annapolis and Washington will be able to connect with our party by leaving on the same morning, unless they prefer a through Washington-Boston train; those from the West, of course, will leave proportionately earlier. The United States Hotel will be our temporary headquarters in Boston (three minutes walk from the Station), the **Karavano** will be met by a delegation of local samideanoj. On the morning of July 18th (the first of the four Congress days) the entire party, augmented by the "Faburbanoj," will proceed to Green Acre, Maine—two hours from the Hub.

Wednesday, July 17 (Informal)

7.06 P.M. Arrival of caravan from New York and greeting at United States Hotel, Beach Street, Boston, by the Boston Society.

Thursday, July 18

9.00 A. M. Train leaves North Station for Portsmouth (57 miles). Fare 3 cents a mile plus war tax. Additional fare to Green Acre by train and trolley, or by ferry and trolley, probably less than 20 cents.

2.00 P. M. First Session:

Address of Welcome, Alfred E. Lunt, Chairman of the Green Acre Trustees.

Reports from Councilors.

Komunikoj de Societoj kaj samideanoj kiuj deziras saluti, rekomendi, k.t.p.

"Esperanto in World at Large." Reports by G. W. Lee.

Report of Sec'y-Treas. Ernest F. Dow.

Address of President. Dr. H. W. Yemans.

"The Relation between Green Acre and the Esperantists' Purpose. James F. Morton, Jr.

Announcements: The Esperanto Class; excursions and other features of program.

(After adjournment of session) Brief meeting of New England Esperanto Association and other sectional meetings, subject to postponement to meet convenience of delegates.

8.30 P.M. Reception of Esperantists by representation of the Green Acre Trustees or Fellowship.

Friday, July 19

9.30 A. M. Unfinished Business.

Parolaĵoj de eminentuloj (kaj ĉiuj "dezirantuloj" se la tempo permesos).

"Esperanto in the Schools." Dr. D. O. S. Lowell. Discussion (opened by Herbert Harris).

8.00 P.M. Dr. D. O. S. Lowell, head master of the Roxbury Latin School, will lecture in the Music Hall of the Marshall House on Esperanto, telling of its principles, its progress, and of the movement to have its study introduced into our primary and secondary schools. All are invited to come.

Saturday, July 20

9.30 A. M. Unfinished Business.

Generala diskutado pri la propono ke oni invitu la 1920an Mondkongreson esti en Bostono.

Symposium: "Group, Class and Propaganda Methods" (see first two pages of British Esperantist for February, 1918).

2.30 P.M. York Beach; Ogunquit; Mt. Agamenticus (by auto); The entire afternoon program is to afford good opportunities for getting to know one another and for exchange of ideas. It is for Bahaists as well as Esperantists.

8.00 P.M. Teatraĵeto.

Sunday, July 21

A.M. Diservo (anoncota).

Other features such as may be decided upon during the preceding days.

2.30 P.M. Trip to Hampton Beach, by trolley or automobile or both.

8.00 P.M. Legado, de S-ro Edward S. Payson.

Monday, July 22 or Tuesday, July 23, or both

Post conference, under the auspices of the Boston Esperanto Society. Possibilities of returning to Boston by trolley or by boat or by auto trip to Camp Devens, ending with reception at Society's room (the headquarters of the post conference), 402 Pierce Building, Copley Square.

CELIA DOERNER

Post malsaneco de pli ol 22 jaroj F-ino Celia Doerner, klerega kaj konata Esperantistino, mortis la 18an Aprilo, 1918. Ŝi estis naskita en centra usona ŝtato Ohio en 1853, kaj multajn jarojn instruis en la publikaj lernejoj de urbo Cincinnati. En 1909 pro la progresoj de la malsano, kiu faris ŝin kriplulino en rulseĝo, ŝi transloĝiĝis en sudorientan ŝtaton Florida, kaj poste venis al la urbeto Grant's Pass, en okcidenta ŝtato Oregon, kie ŝi restis ĝis sia morto. En sia vivtempo ŝi verkis multajn artikolojn por la instruarta gazetaro, redaktis, kompilis kaj verkis lernibron de ĝenerala sciado nomitan "Treasury of General Knowledge," uzatan en publikaj lernejoj, kaj skribis multajn poeziaĵojn en la angla, esperanta, franca kaj germana lingvoj. Volumon anglolingvan ŝi eldonis en 1914, "Little Ripples of Song" (Ondetoj Kantaj), en kiu riveliĝis ŝia feliĉemo kaj inspiremo sub la doloroj de kripleco. Ŝi ame studadis la sciencojn, kaj lertiĝis ne sole pri la supre nomitaj lingvoj sed ankaŭ pri hebrea, hispana kaj itala. En Ohio ŝiaj precipaj instrutemoj estis la latina lingvo kaj la matematiko. Ŝi tradukis poemeton, "God Geometrizes" (Dio Geometrias), en Nian Karan, kaj gajnis honoran menciiĝon por ĝi ĉe unu el la konkursoj de niaj kongresoj, kaj estis enlistigita pro tio ĉi de Adam Zakrzewski en lia "Historio de Esperanto." Tiu poemeto simboligis al ŝi ŝian temperamenton, kiu per malofte rimarkebla ekzemplo montris unuiĝon de poezio kaj matematiko, de sentimenteco kaj praktikemo, de simpleco kaj kleregeco.

William R. Daingerfield,
Berkeley, California, Usono.

La 6an de majo, 1918.

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We also regret to chronicle the deaths of Dr. Henry B. Besemer, Ithaca, N.Y.; Mr. Henry D. King, New York City, who have died within the past few months. Both were Esperantists of long standing and will be greatly missed in our ranks.

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AL PROGRESEMULOJ

Post longa dormado, le "Voĉo de la Popolo," organo de l' orienta popolo, ree aperas. La kunlaborantoj de l' revuo nun refreŝigas sian forton kial antaŭe. Ĉiuj progresemuloj estas petataj, sendi por ĝi informon pri la socia movado en ĉiuj landoj, interesajn fotografaĵojn de okazintaj bataloj, kuriozajn artikolojn pri nova penso, k.t.p. Oni adresu al Box 913, U.S.P.O., Shanghai, Ĥinujo.

LA UTILA CIKLONO

"Parolante pri ventegoj," diris la Kolonelo," dum li plikomfortiĝis en sia seĝo kaj elsputis en la fornon, "mi ekmemoras la lastan fojon kiam mi estis en Hamilton. Ĉu vi konas la malgrandan librovendejon,"—li demandis al siaj ĉiuvesperaj kunuloj en la drinkejo de la "Red Lion,"—"kiu staras sur Billings Strato post la nova juĝejo?"

La Poeto donis ruzan alrigardon al la Bakisto, "Tre bone," li respondis. "Kion pri ĝi?" "Nu," daŭris la Kolonelo, "estis tuj post la milito kaj aferoj estis tiam tre prosperaj en Hamilton. Nature oni tie konstruis multajn novajn domojn kaj unu el la projektoj tie estis nova aldonaĵo al tiu librobutiko"—

"Ho," interrompis la Bakisto, "mi ekvolis scii pri la librovendejo; kiel ĝi rilatas al ia ventego?" "Ne malpacienciĝu," riproĉetis la Kolonelo, "kaj vi aŭdos. Nu, mi okaze unu tagon estis en tiu vendejo trarigardante la plej novan el la verkoj de mia favora aŭtoro, — ho jes, ĝi estis 'Kial Manĝi?' Eble vi neniam aŭdis pri tiu bonekonata libro de la mondfama filosofisto, Renkels?"

"Tute ne!" indigne respondis la Poeto. "Renkels neniam skribis eĉ linion kiu indis la legon." "Eble ne," diris la Kolonelo kun ŝajnhumileco, "ni ĉiuj ne povas esti poetoj. Kiel mi estis diranta, mi estis plene okupita per la fama volumo kiam mi aŭdis akran, laŭtegan bruon en la strato antaŭ la pordo kaj mi kaj aliaj ĉeestantoj tuj aliris tien por scii la kaŭzon. Ni trovis apud la trotuaro nove metitan sablamason kaj ŝarĝvagonisto kaj unu el la urbaj policanoj. La lasta estis diranta kun kolero la dekan fojojn, 'Sed vi ne havas policpermeson por meti tien-ĉi la sablon! Tuj iru al la urbdomo por havigi la dokumenton aŭ mi senhezite vin arestos pro malobeo de la leĝo.' "

"Post iom da disputaĉo la vagonisto foriris por plenumi la ordonon. Reenirante la butikon kun mi kaj aliaj okazaj klientoj la vendisto rimarkis, 'Ĉu ne estas strange? Ne malproksime de tie-ĉi, sur la stratangulo de Lincoln strato, kie S-ro Hasson nun konstruas la novan Hotelon Sherwood la konstruistoj nun havas iom da malfacilaĵo havigi sufiĉe da sablo por siaj masonistoj kaj do hodiaŭ la entreprenisto estis devigata maldungi kelkajn el siaj laboristoj. Samtempe mi, kiu bezonas nur malgrandan kvanton de la materialo por mia aldonaĵo nun trovas tiun altan monteton de la sablo antaŭ mia——'

"Li finigis la frazon, 'Bona Ĉielo! Vidu!' interrompis unu el la ĉeestantoj kiu kun terurigita vizaĝo alrigardis la la strato, 'Se mi ne eraras, venas ciclono! Zorgegu!' "

La Kolonelo paŭzis por engluti ankoraŭan "soifmortigilon" kaj, post li viŝis sian buŝon per la maniko, daŭris: "Kompreneble ĝi ne similis al unu el la veraj ciklonoj kiujn oni havas ofte en la Okcidento, sed por tiu landparto ĝi ja estis sufiĉa blovego. Ĉiu

persono en la butiko ĉion ĉesis kaj kun aŭ timo aŭ grandiĝanta miro atendis la ventegon. Fajfante kaj ĝemante la vento rapidegis tra tiu malgranda strato kaj la aero ŝajnis esti plena je ĉiu speco de objektoj. Ŝajnis ke la cindrobareloj kaj forĵetaĵkorboj de la tuta urbo estis malplenigitaj por liveri tiom da senutilaĵoj tiun okazon. La aero dense mallumiĝis dum laŭte klakadis la bruigaj uĵaĉoj kaj aliaj forĵetaĵoj rapidigitaj per la blovego tra tiu mallarĝa strato. Post eble duonhoro la ventego iom trankviliĝis kaj la endomanoj je la sugestio de la librovendisto kuraĝis eliri. 'Tamen,' observis tiu viro ĉirkaŭrigardante, 'la ventego ne multe faris rompaĵon. Mi vidas nur malmultajn frakasitajn fenestrojn — kaj jen defaligita lumstango. Alie mi ne povas vidi —' Kaj la butikisto kun ekmirego sur la vizaĝo senparolpove staris tie dum lia fingro etenda montris rekte antaŭ la pordo spacon en la strato nun tiel pura kiel planko de balĉambro. 'La sablo!' li ekkriis, frotante al si la okulojn, 'kie ĝi estas?' "

"Ho, estas facile!" interrompis la Tajloro kun moketa voĉo. "Kial via librovendisto ne alrigardas en la direkto de la nova hotelo? Certe la vento tien forportis la sab—"

"Tenu al vi langon!" kolerete diris la Kolonelo. "Tion mi jus estis dironta al vi. Ni ĉiuj alrigardis laŭlonge la straton kaj jen antaŭ la nefinigita hotelo ĉe kiu oni pli frue en la tago maldungis masonistojn pro manko de sablo estis tiu identa amaso kiu antaŭ la vento staris ĉe la butikpordo!"

"Ho, ho!" mokridegis la tuta aŭdantaro, "foriru! Ne penu ke ni kredu tiun absurdan rakontaĉon! Estas sen-sencaje, nekredeble!"

"Eble vi estas pravaj" kviete respondis la Kolonelo, "sed la oficialaj dokumentoj en la juĝejo montras ke la konstruisto de la librobutika aldonaĵo faris proceson kontaŭ S-ro. Hasson la hotelentreprenisto por la prezo de tiu sablamaso, kaj" — nun la Kolonelo ĉirkaŭrigardis inter siaj aŭdantoj kun triumfo — "li venkis!"

H. W. H.

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ITS ONE DRAWBACK

They say that Esperanto is
A language that's beyond compare;
But one thing has been overlooked—
In Esperanto one can't swear.
There does not seem the slightest doubt
This language new will fail right there.

Will Esperanto ever do
For him who gets up in the night
To marathon with a squalling kid
Who kicks and squirms with all its might?
When he treads firmly on a tack,
His English will come back all right.

How will the chauffeur get along
    When, with a final wheeze and grunt,
His car gives out nine miles from home,
    Which is not an unheard-of stunt?
Will Esperanto be his choice
    Of languages? Indeed, it won't.

The ultimate consumer, too,
    Is one whom we must not forget.
When he finds that his coal is gone,
    And higher prices must be met,
Can Esperanto e'er suffice
    To voice his burning thoughts? Not yet.

—The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

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ESPERANTO POSSIBILITIES

The Absence of "Swear Words" is Indignantly Denied

Editor Brooklyn Eagle:

Will you kindly permit me a little space in your very valuable paper to relieve the anxiety of that anonymous sweet singer regarding Esperanto's alleged "Only Drawback"—its absence of swear words—which clever quip appeared in your issue of the 11th. I wish to warn him not to lend a willing ear to all the gross calumnies so indefatigably heaped upon Esperanto by her enemies in order to discredit her among our best citizens. If that very serious accusation had been based upon facts, it would, indeed, have been a sufficient cause to bar Esperanto from our firesides as a most undesirable intruder, and have her bundled over to our immigration authorities for immediate deportation, along with other undesirables so justly prescribed by our statutes and severely proscribed by social ethics.

But let this anonymous poet and fearless champion of public morals be assured by one who is in the know, that not only does Esperanto fully measure up in that essential as she does in all the others, but that, as a matter of fact, she even excels herself in this particular respect.

I can solemnly testify from my own experience, which is fully borne out by those of others, that in those certain grave moments in our lives when we become suddenly possessed of an irresistible desire to give vent to some of our most perfervid wishes—that Esperanto then comes to us as a delivering angel. I have had many an encounter with conductors, plumbers and tax collectors, and in all such vexatious emergencies I have found Esperanto a veritable balm of Gilead. And the strangest, and the most commendable, feature about swearing in Esperanto is, that

while the delivery is being made, and which invariably causes the adversary to take to his heels in confusion, the bystanders are always wondering whether they are hearing one of King David's dulcet songs or the reciting of the Lord's Prayer.

Now, as to those exceptionally distressing instances enumerated by the bashful genius, instances trying men's souls, I wish to state that they do not at all disconcert the Esperantist who knows his business. Although not a pater familias as yet— I am just sweet 66—I had once a most cantankerous screaming baby thrust into my arms by its mother, with the evident intention of deriving lots of fun at my expense. But the tables were instantly turned. Putting the small finger of my free hand under the baby's chin, I uttered in a soft voice these talismanic words:"Ne ploru, mia bona charma infaneto!" and lo and behold, the baby's scream immediately turned into the sweetest little laugh, and, its face wreathed in smiles, it evinced an irresistible desire to show its affection toward me by tugging strenuously at my luxurious patriarchal whiskers.

Now as to the query, What an Esperantist would do when his car gave out nine miles from home? I really cannot imagine anything happening to a car that any Esperantist could not fix in a jiffy. But, if what the poet had in mind, was the giving out of gasoline, then he is evidently not aware that there are no foolish virgins among Esperantists.

Joseph Silbernik
New York Delegate of the Univ. Esperanto Association.
Brooklyn.

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RAKONTETOJ

La Mordonto Mordata

Iam mi estis enironta la pordegon de farmodomo. Kiam mi palpis la fermilon, unu juna hundo sur la portiko ekrigardis min kaj tuj preparis por atako. Forgesante ke estas sur portiko, kvin ŝtupoj super la tero, li saltis antaŭen horizontale. La rezulto estis ke li renversiĝis—kaprenverse, rulfale, transkape—malsupren laŭ la ŝtuparo kaj fleksemiĝis kiel ĉifono. Lia batalemo sekve neniiĝis kaj mi eniris sendanĝere.

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Terura Elokventeco

En preĝejoj ofte estas kutime enskribi en libron la raporton pri diservoj, aldonate la nomon de la predikanto ĉe ĉiu fojo, la stato de la vetero, k.t.p. Unufoje la subpastro predikis, kaj post la diservo li enskribis en la registrablibron jene: "Subpastro predikis. Terura ventego."

DEZIRAS KORESPONDI

One insertion: 10 cents; four insertions: 25 cents. Announcement consists only of name and full address.

Unufoja anonco: 20 sd.; kvarfoje: 50 sd. Anonco konsistas nur el nomo kaj plena adreso.

Armand B. Coigne, 2633 Creston Ave., New York, Usono, serĉas inteligentajn kunlaborantojn en psika enketado. Korespondos pri nenia alia temo, kaj NE RESPONDOS al PM aŭ PK kolektantoj. tf

S-ro Gil Goncalves, Rua de Sao Luiz 129, lo Edo., Lisbon, Portugal. 8

S-ro Francisco Costa, Rua de Arrabida 90, lo Edo., Lisbon, Portugal. 8

S-ro Cyrille Bruggerman, Caporal, Service des Colis, Armee Belge, Boulogne-sur-Mer, P. de Calais, France. 8

S-ro Louis Schurmanns, A.C.B., Belgian Army, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Pas de Calais, France. 8

S-ro Victor Lamberts, Z-159, III, 3rd Batt. Active Service, Belgian Army, France. 8

S-ro Georges Capronnier, Operateur de T.S.F. a bord du Bar II, Chalutiers de la Mer du Nord, Calais, France. 8

S-ro J. Remy, Belga Soldato, Bloc 34, Camp de Harderwijk, Holland. 8

S-ro G. Krikava, San Juan 782, Buenos Aires, Argentina. 6

S-ro S. Čarniavskij, Uspenskaja 8, kv. 4., Pskov, Russia (via Japan). 5

S-ro Angelo Corral, Str. Pavon 1312, Buenos Aires, Argentina. 4

F-ino E. Catala, strato San Martin 2049, Talleres, F.C.S., Buenos Aires, Argentina. Kun gesamidenoj. 4

S-ro Vincente D. Bonetto, Serodina, Argentina. 4

S-ro Maurice Mazonaud, Perigneux, 22 rue Louis Blanc, France, P.,I.K. Ĉiam respondos. 4

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Amerika Esperantisto, published monthly at West Newton Station, Boston, Mass., for April, 1918.

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Ernest F. Dow, West Newton, Mass.

No bonds or mortgages.

(Signed) Ernest F. Dow, Bus. Man.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of April, 1918.

Seal. Frank M. Grant, Notary Public.

My commission expires Dec. 10, 1920.
